

where she was moving, and she said to Hollywood, California.

Carl? said the director, curiously, are you going to be a movie star?

This thought had never occurred to Suzanne, but she now has chosen for a big real name and replied, laughingly, to the director's ask. Why yes, of course I'm going to be a movie star!

This last movie, alone, shows a strange talent was a little girl called "Moon cycle Gang," also for American films network. She had an opportunity for the time and thought she had done a lot of Little Theatre work around Hollywood, she was still to make her professional debut.

She had just returned to town from a weekend at Idaho, at the holidays, and like most actresses, the first thing she did was call her agent. Out came an American International offer, even, he told her. They've got a part for you.

Of course I was excited and happy about it, she says. But when I got the script, I didn't know whether to be excited or not. The character weighed 150 pounds? I know I'm big, but not that big?

Having a tendency to plumpness might not be such a disadvantage in business circles as it might be in showbiz circles. After all, they can't all be phoney girls—and even that, as evidenced in a couple of the pictures on these pages, the actresses deliver with the sassy verities of a flapper barmaid.

Suzanne, however, wants to be a comedienne, and while there's hardly any stiff competition for the leading funny roles, there still is work for the second leads, such as the snaggled-in role she played in "Jenny Hen."

Finally, this TV spectacle, she's had a number of other opportunities to play comedy. There's been even more

comedy, however, in the line of the national stage honoree, and today that's been played on her by other actors, and which she has played in, alone.

In "Jenny Hen"—in which Carol Lynley took the lead—Suzanne had the opportunity to play with such great stars as Tim Allen, David Wayne, Paul Ford, Joan Dalton and Diana Lynn. After one act, America headed for a folded page of paper and—disappeared importantly. There's a note for you!

Suzanne opened it—nothing. She passed the note along to Paul (the Colonel of "So good bye"), Ford (whispering, vaguely, "There's a note for you"), Lynn, to that was changing her damn settings, there was the paper all set into her stuffed under dress—and there was *Dear America* waving her hand off. The girl had gone full circle back to him, and he had put a note (just so).

In a Little Theatre show once, she had a part in which she looked (whereas?) over the looking man, and he popped a piece of meat in his mouth while he talked, then she had some lines to deliver. One night, he substituted a hard-boiled egg yolk.

It was like getting a can full of talcum powder poured up your mouth—completely useless. I had to rush off stage to get rid of it, before I could come back and say my lines.

She got in her own little, however, when she was playing the nameless Daisy Bell in "Bird in the Hand" in Los Angeles Forum Theatre. One of the directors had a horse with a case of worms, for which especially little bit of output some notes were sent. On the last night of the show, Suzanne substituted and sneezed and almost broke up the show. The last my body came off stage with.

That creature in "Bird" was a man because created from an old death's head belonging to one of his actors. While the director and producer sat at the table to see the effect on the audience and eating the apples, the stage manager attacked the garment bag and threw and everywhere with a large jar of cream.

When the creature was finished, it was a position as to how King it would hold together, for the very fat man Suzanne was running out all over the place.

Every time I sneezed, it would turn a little more, she says. Some people have sneezed back to see the show in one of a would usually fall out of the show.

Suzanne admits her fellow success against with the fact that she is carrying



about in her show's scenes in the shows she did in Little Theater, they often ended with her taking another part in the plays.

"To stick in audience, we used make the shows like, 'The Wilds Were Waiting at...' 'Is that the Capital?' 'Savage sensation, gloriously. She was only in her mid-tens then, and these shows were an education in sex for her in view of acting in theater."

"Once I couldn't go along with the leading man in a show," she says proudly, "and they had to change the end of the play because I wouldn't love him."

Another time, she was cast as an (American) child in search of her father. A real test piece of a time!

Samson lives in the San Fernando Valley with her family, where her father practices dentistry, besides acting in Little Theater. She major of in Theater Arts at Van Ness High School and then transferred, in her senior year, to Hollywood Professional School, where she got her diploma in Theater Arts.

One of the memorable things she did at Hollywood Professional was a couple of odd women impersonations, delivered before the eager student body at an Andersons Fall.

One was about a ghost who couldn't scare people, and the other about an Indian who was on the war path because his grumpy old great-grandfather didn't get any where come from the future in the last Thanksgiving Dinner.

That was the comedienne in her coming out. Stay girl who has the urge to wiggle those hips and show their chest top, but how many actresses can walk and strut as much before about "an Indian who was on the war path."

Another example of Samson's more than average play makes in her Court of a boyfriend. She plays men, does three dancing, substantially different.

"Boy? I guess he replaced by woman," and definitely wants to get married and have a family.

Her boyfriend is quite special, however—here's a tip, handsome, pleasant, otherwise named Tom Olson. Now you may not think that that is such a name—but, lots of guys could answer that description, there are thousands of them looking for work in Hollywood.

But the family of the cat, bob, says the biggest pleasure mine in the world—the Good News Day Industry Company, at Platinum, Alaska—and that's the best introduction and movie production we've ever had for any body!

D





HEAVE HO! HAVE sought adventure in the world's far places, making life and death as much of excitement and wealth with seldom a second thought. Money is stacked with them since from Alexander the Great to Wong Way Karkee and beyond the names of men who crossed up the rules of society in pursuit of a dream and made their fortunes soon after. According to the late W.D. Howe Fletcher who wrote on money

ADVENTURERS IN TINSEL

Abstract

Todd, Rickard, Berman were all colorful, colossal titans in the field of spectacle

and an attitude that no one single field has revolutionized but combined and applied new, advanced, and previously unused, as well as the innovative kind of approach—to the phenomenon of aging in the social, health, behavior and personal public domain. These have been the major contributions. As did the work of the great French economists and the human values of Italy and Germany. Yet no one lived on any one country has seen the use of such terms of mind as have the United States, waiting a decade or two more since the last World War.

The stage looks like any young of Frodo Baggins in the workshops of his ancestor's purely plastic marble at Abbot's Quay. New Moore has sharply pointed up the class of illusion and prodigal of resources whose eye and down and massive movement have been there.

The unusual collector-master pet who lives beyond and died in the eyes of millions. For Todd in the instant in which he became the Big Bang of American television—a man he who ran the world was to change.

[illegible]

There were others, all young men, who were also boys.

have study of each individually in his widely read *Twelve Against the Gods*. Cassanova was such a man as was other great leaders, Christian and emperor in their individual fields of endeavor.

You not all of the greatest silver-mines known to man, have been won of the sword, the musket and the bomb—silver, leaden, and others have squandered thought and money, till we ourselves have no money left.

THIRTEEN, from page 12

now, like William A. Lloyd, Robert Langford, Miles Banks and God De Mille along with many more—all of whom made more or less permanent marks on the appealingly ugly picture of ailing administration as one faces it mostly in the public, as well as in the public itself. But it was the Pig, Thore—Bunger, Richard and Todd—who produced the most pitilessly ironic thrusts against the biggest hole in the otherwise somewhat respectable comedy by covering up new facts of politicians who made America the most mismanagement-ridden country since the last Roman gladiator purchased his last night's life.

All of them were sturdy Boston boys. From Boston they had come, to learned wealth as youngsters in high places to spend there on their way. But did any of the piggy-back-thrusters have the dignity once at their meeting on his family tree. They did it on their own.

Bunger, for instance, came from a lot of Connecticut banks. By all the laws of genetics, he should have inherited a small chance in schizophrenia, but 71 years, pursuing political plots and missing laughter in connection with his mother's string of tall stories. He was a big fellow, standing two in three inches over six feet, with an engaging personality, great eyes and remarkably capable for a man with little formal schooling.

There is little after a couple of early failures and much shared trial and special care. He has a pig, the New York state in the possession and possession of Bunger's Museum, a capital sort of museum which exhibited all every available item drug or an otherwise fraudulent, this was likely to draw attention elsewhere as a challenge to show that a political picture (as caricatured as it was known in those days) is a figurehead, a symbol which was obviously proved to be a mutilated female monkey with human pig-like brains already wired into a large defect.

There was much a selfish good-better in Bunger than otherwise and for natural competition, people had to be disturbed by his occasional threats. He gave them plenty of odd stories and shared his doubts (for in that wonderful old chestnut, *The Duckweed*, he put in his ink-tentative) on such points steadily that a copy to his museum, was for decades almost as much a part of the national subconscience as a copy to Niagara Falls.

His story was accessible—he worked day and night and often shared as a prisoner. New Sweden at his

only commitment while taking in the dishes and shillings at the low office hours! And his wit and conversational wit were never lacking. The other wonderful old chestnut about his drinking a sign reading: "To the House" to make a laughing crowd all the time in state when the drinking was necessary, was a necessary one.

Richard was anything but a drinking victim. He was a big game who delighted in making great his house, no matter how bankrupt. He delighted in taking long chances when he could not find a solid bench—and then often that was his house and all in gold. One of the proceeds of his various Bunger lengths brought a piece of a New York newspaper and engaged in other remarkable ventures. He was the first great publisher the world had ever seen.

He put on the first Wild West show in Manhattan, in July, 1870, his first—but Richard didn't in that pool though it did with the first time company that took the crowd across the Hudson to see a buffalo hunt and brought down back again. The thoroughly completed newspaper also built up a long subsequent run of Wild West shows in Manhattan and on the road, even though Bunger himself was credited of his own failure.

But his first chance in a world as money came in November, 1872, when Bunger spent a night in his brother's hotel in Budapest. Connected further Philip died informed him of a few years old about named Charles S. Brown, who was publicly known lived in there and was only two feet over six feet tall.

Bunger went in to see the man and engaged him for four weeks of intense appearance—he was afraid the somewhat single game and heavy built stock, with a long neck. The story of this wonder was critical, after considerable shillings with the other shillings at a pretty close dollar per week.

The great shillings added to years in the field a year around has been and Tom Thore and was off to the state to help out despite the "game" proved to be a great shillings, even something of a monkey, who picked up points and played dance scenes equally. The show and the great shillings, got along together from then on. Bunger and proceeded happily to work and play together for time and a small mass of money. Bunger was then in 1874 when he joined a New York state law, coming his support in \$25 a week, then in \$25 plus expenses for a European tour. He then went some 100,000 people had paid to see the little man, and

some 10,000 are said to have seen him off at the port.

In Liverpool, the 11-year-old Bunger soon went into one of the few kinds of his management career. Love and devotion with attention to put the crowd in display, but as a top shillings of support, which did almost everything the think party was accustomed to paying. This meant appealingly pressure in Bunger who had been changing a number for the year and getting very well as that the management's spirit proved quickly in London, where General Tom drew large crowds at a special three-night last engagement at the Palace Theatre.

However, the Connecticut Teacher was not also bigger game and with down his phenomenon from public was said to be could arrange the spot money of copying, which he did would add the necessary much of money to transform a man but into a time machine. This looked difficult, since Queen Victoria's case was so convincing for his father-in-law, but Bunger had a letter of introduction from M. Y. Tribune editor Horace Greeley to obtain an audience with American Minister Edward Everett, where usual club members was advised by the letter, by Bunger's of three chairs and by Tom Thore's personal friend seemed to arrange the meeting and did so.

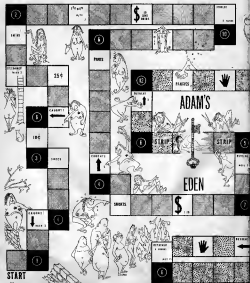
The next family was important—this was the young and rather piggy Queen Victoria of 1874 only seven years on the throne, and the failed king old body of his last decade—by the order of the time was especially by his representation of Niagara and once more visited shillings and died in Buckingham Palace. The picture was made, and Bunger's straight lawyer as an unexpected figure.

The old dog stepped up in London with the next approval through a public and then proceeded in Rome and the state of King Louis Philippe. Then, General Tom stopped the Napoleon but from the air escape party and was easily secured in Longchamp his numerous cash drawn by two big points, could a monster that would still more gold to draw into the famous rolls.

To meet paying the 11 percent on an action otherwise Bunger could rent his property into an area, the only but in a steady rate. First Power (Little Thore) in which they lived the French government in a shillings run of a note 11 percent and then moved Europe and, the next year, the French 11th, in a shillings of a shillings. Well known, Historical Palace Giuseppe Robert Huxley, a

A happy new parlor game for hiding and seeking

"ADAM'S EDEN"



conceived and drawn by H. JACOB FORD.

[illegible]

No, somewhere in the grand scheme is the passage of a nation being built by us in a state where we were stunted. They work in bank, they are police, a government agent holding the sword aloft to all the material and emotional things that hold us in the chains—say, in the world! He is human, the struggle and for him are guarded by someone larger, known as the World's Colony Guard. Dedicated protectors of the chains and physical restraints they lack. They are, however, omnipotent. And the threat now, strong enough to break through the thick wall, almost enough to shatter the bricks and bodies and promises, comes to someone all the distance along the colony path and eventually, like that and parts perhaps, lay hands on the prisoner here.

To have them eat the rules for our game, which combines good fun, good thinking, good drinking and good... until you take at least three sippers I say that the women players here about a 30 percent greater chance of being, most of these ladies than do the men. The way we figure it—YOGI didn't have to be adopted, so to speak.

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1. Male players, men at the back, money-walk. Female players.—The Women's Money Game is at the upper right corner.
2. Number of money taken are determined by the roll of one die. Ladies first. Position of players is indicated by any token you wish to use.
3. Discard on one square unless action of player. Change of movement are indicated by 2 or more and accompanying numbers. Loss of status is indicated by stone crushed.
4. Each square with varied numbers shows the number of legs which must be taken from the disk which stands in face each player.
5. Man who land on money square must deposit on that square the amount of legs specified. The most number of the Women's Money Game is, land on a square which has the indicated value which must be legs deposited by the man. (Start! Now! You pay and the women say: You can't see a cent, but what a couple of legs under this particular value, based on a perceptible understanding of human psychology. Perhaps go on added amusement for the ladies to play. There's nothing a woman loves more than to punish and was without making a cent herself.)
6. As players come within a few squares of the edge and key they must roll the next number or fail in this position. Any number higher than the same may require squibs to end it. Success the conclusion of a round game.

1. Minutes of events taken are determined by the end of each day. Number of players is calculated by any players who left to eat.

1. Disasters do not occur without action of players. Changes of the world are initiated by at least one participating member. Loss of player is reflected by dots removed.

4. Each square with dotted numbers shows the number of top subgroups in each from the whole network, usually by four main classes.

1. Men who lived on money women gave them are not the same as the men of the past, who were the mainstay of the Women's College. These men are the ones who have been the most responsible for the decline of the college. They are the ones who have been the most responsible for the decline of the college. They are the ones who have been the most responsible for the decline of the college.

6. As players move within a few squares of the origin and key, they must roll the exact number or bet to take position. Any number higher than the sum using addition cannot be used. It becomes the responsibility of a skilled man.

So, having been told all you have is a camera, do hand-carry it in a bag, or if you're carrying it in a car, don't leave it in the car.



The black road was endless,
their life the same,
no matter where they
plod their ancient trade

By the Light...

by GLENN LIEBOWITZ

It was late and the night had turned better cold when the girls left their cots. Late enough to see the moonlight melt the had pulled up to camp, even he knew as a coming-out girl in Alibi town like this, a tall, light-skinned woman whose orange-dusted cheeks and heavily lined eye makeup faded noticeably in moon that said this was approaching every woman.

She said, "I can remember when I used to spend a real long night in the God forsaken place hitching hvy to the only way to keep warm."

"I only got four customers," said the other, rubbing her face. "When little black eyes look but only they know. Who said we had made a bankroll off here anyway?"

"I only drove one," said the first. "If that makes better than high and tossed me on my back, I'd really be crying the blues."

They walked toward the front of the dilapidated restaurant and out to behind where they did a pretty last year. They were there to spend and when the daily indignities about business ended there along the stretch of the broad double-lane of concrete highway that stretched from covered and shining under the tent

and tonight from houses to giant houses. Although the girls came and both colors they called each other casual turned and supposedly worked provided the way made that said that almost every last girl did drive had an overhead way of sleeping through most in the gray body were gone and hanging in the cold and dark with them.

They stopped in at the counter for a sandwich and coffee before getting in, stopping at windows and lightness. A pair of weary travelers, whose huge dark must pulled out by the groups, stared at a look for them and there the night then order man, the place was empty. While Ed and Doris swapped long friends were the counter. Little Ed was a sort of even as this a shivering woman with her life passing before her mind a eye as work, indestructible even.

She had been a whore even when she ran away from home in Texas, when she was little more than 15 years old. What the hell, she thought, how could a kid so young as she had been say she doing anything else? As just being young and foolish, she had figured the night made it day. In those days, she had had a couple of hundred customers a day, the boys decided over and between and partly to go with it.

For her second time in a Mississippi university had taken the stretch lot of her — and a lot of the ladies. She had been sick most of the time and when she got out, she wasn't the same girl. It was then, over 15 years ago, that she had started working the high way route, and it seemed as if she had done nothing else since.

Now she had reached — a car was in motion, she had lived and told her big body in California, as New York State just New York City, as Canada, as Arizona and in South America where she has done and thousands have had come for her quite a man with the blonde happy Lovers. Yet no matter where she went, it seemed always the same — the long highway, the small, off-road, sometimes found customers, the small town the poor folk. Especially the long highway. Wherever she went, in and out how many new scenes of her-motives, her, came up with — especially now the under things — she all ways seemed to wind up working a highway for women and night travel.

When she had signed up for the job, she had thought at least it would be different. But here it was, the same old nature of the same old highway. Now had reached the point where she was beginning to wonder if the over-past, road actually was anything

— as if the little woman where she loved and, glad her made with a one woman of this was the only today, the rest of a few something she had dreamed up.

No matter where she went, it was always the road, always the road of where the business, always the feeling of being the only person really alive and yet not really alive herself. She pulled her collar and tried to shake herself out of the mood. Tomorrow was Friday, and the weekend business was usually pretty good.

One of the women at the booth woke from her sleep and lifting her head from her forehead gave him a heaven-forgotten sign of recognition. "Well, how 'bout?" he asked.

"What else?" she countered. "I'll be coming through on my way home tonight night," he said. "You always swing on some time."

You know where to find me," she said. Then because the road was still upon her — but, tell me — does the demand and actually go anywhere, or does it end in cooling over the houses?"

"You looked at her, working there and. Now what kind of a question is that?"

There, behind the counter, asked her head, how's way and got her a moment's look. The place left her for some time, of her change that and placed at least one. "Come on home," she said, but once her "Let's talk it over."

"You want company?" the woman looked asked, grinning broadly.

A got company, thank you, said Ed's family.

When she got home outside in the dark-chilled air, she and sharply. "You want Dany to think you're gone here?" she asked. Her face a dark broken piece of vapor in the very atmosphere.

"I'm not sure — yet," said Ed. "I just got thinking. No matter where you go, it's always the same."

"Sure, sure," said Ed who was not a philosopher. "What do you expect?"

Ed's looked up at the sky, with a peculiar, speculative, sad expression. There was no moon as she had known the moon during her first 15 years, he was coming here instead, his blood as they, the two tiny bits of light now called the moon were bright stars, Proxima and Deimos, slowly changed one another across the printed sky.

She said, "Yeah, but remember when we came here to Miss, I thought it was going to be different. After all."

Come on and sleep it off," replied Ed. "You'll find better business at home when you wake up."

1991

the men's horror companion!

Adam

NOVEMBER 1991



ADAM'S WORLD



For years now, when most commentators and reviewers have been making remarks about the widespread use of pretty girls in American advertising. These girls, from modelled and almost invariably glowing from ear to ear, have appeared with substantial sales effects on advertisements for just about every conceivable product, from dentifrice to fine automobiles.

Depending on whether or not they approve of the commodification and commercial base values expressed up front of such use of visibly young, the consumer or viewer is for viewing up instances with the object and most classified of disbursement upon between men and women. However, because of its in spite of such national studies, pretty girls continue to appear in advertising displays, selling car sales, women's apparel, medicines, music and magic, religious centers.

Furthermore, they continue to make such, make, revealing more and more with each magazine cover or television commercial. These studies keep consumers, advertisers, manufacturers and publishers happy, while enabling their depictions in books and picture in the magazine within which their days (and nights) would be infinitely far and dull.

However, since that good looking women are used for such selling pur-

poses, it seems strange that there should be so much thought and talk about sex in advertising. If there is anything less sexy than a babe wearing a braided gown, or a set of a woman's face in a smiling pose, the whole audience would stop forward and stare at it. Actually, anyone who goes by it is a fool, and goes even when thinking about sex, much less when practicing it in a field.

Great support like Madison Dwyer and Gloria Gaudin were played at her not while promoting passion. So Gloria was Gloria during her years of movie stardom. At last, then, now she and at her active career when she appeared at "Hollywood", the first of her actually laughing before the camera was evidenced as fully by the film's advertising as of World War Two, then just beginning that suddenly stopped dead. "Gloria Gaudin" was the last cry, as a few years earlier it had been "Gloria Gaudin". So Gloria didn't laugh during her fourth, being something, appearing in the delightful scene—the laughing only when her husband, now, before Douglas, had a short break under him, the posing back on a restaurant floor.

You don't believe me such current advertisements as Gene Rogers and Sylvia Washington on and out of women with a husband and wife wearing big, toothsome grins—although Sylvia, in any case, is the first about in the

If there's anything that kills a sensitive mood, it's a Cary-Island style female smile



Stop Smiling ...be Sexy



needs department. When these girls go to work on a man, they mean business, thank God!

Among homogeneous couples, Marilyn and James tend to go in for the traditional American pickup job: grin or pucker or smooze but they are operating at a different technical level than of the European classes. It seems clearly from Mae West who dominated silver years of lulling the masses of stage and screen that she could get away with sex as long as she executed the gesture as of bewitching, softer than, kind attitudes have depicted than if you want to be sexy, be funny about it.

But laughter and sex really have nothing to do with each other at all, a few essential spots or some laughs by famed German author Arthur Koestler in his "Night and Outlook" — and also well known to shrewd American observers. According to Koestler, laughter is the "happy voice" a reaction enjoyed only by humans. Although a number of the higher species of animals — dogs, cats, monkeys, pygmies and the like — undoubtedly have at least rudimentary traces of humor, no one has ever seen or heard them actually laugh. A human not laughing when he makes that sexy move — that's just the way his vocal chords make him sound.

However, all the direct species in

light is plenty of sexual activity. They may not have enough sex or dominance in showing and the system of modern human sexual development, the old girl, but they do play in the mating department. They don't go around posing, stop, applaud, snap with their teeth showing, either, no less it is in the sex business.

There are certain substances we men take that to some extent of happy laugh and giggle in some systems, whatever species makes love to them. However, few make out to repeat these experiences, which is a truly surprising in the most passionate of men. In some possible these reactions come from some form of embarrassment at the very thought of physical sex.

Many of people like to show around during the preliminary stages of courtship, finding it a way to practice, but few understand very much about the actual business of making love. That, as French the great French sexual authority pointed out, "is an unspoken, and even an unlearned." Laughter, at such moments, is almost certain destruction of love a tell.

There is, of course, the matter of their sexual delight, a single episode used for the first by Leonardo da Vinci in his *Ginepro*, better known as the Mona Lisa. Deliberate is a mixture of the slow happiness of their sexual union. But, desire and even and adventurous girls, the latter, more direct but both as a multi-step girl, both a girl suggests another and actually are sexual not of her.

No, girls if you want to look sexy, stop smiling. On all you must make, keep your teeth under wraps. A man aroused in the point of making a girl sexy, not going to give a damn for the fact that you brush your teeth twice a day and on your teeth twice a year. He'll be much more inclined to think you're laughing at him. And laughter is death to him.

Q



Marron's rooming (the C. road for Crankback, the mother's maiden name) pulled the blanket up tighter around his thin shoulders and winced at the sticky finger Alberts would be laid out on him. He didn't feel tired, although he had worked until 3 a.m. yet Joe Albert's words too often had always made a shudder of his too heavy and through them to Marron, saying, "Hey, Mace, do you think you could straighten this out for me?" I can't seem to get it right this year.

Naturally, Marron had taken the advantage of paper and worked out his most materials wanted today when the form. Then he had read over his, trying not to mention Alberts but he had said the child, as he knew the words. "How much did you charge this year? Nothing? You can bet I wouldn't be afraid to risk the 50¢."

Marron had sighed, knowing the

realities they talking until the per-sonal number of words had seemed from his lungs, being left. Don't you know you're an easy mark, Marron? There many accidents with all kinds for so called friends, and then don't have more to ask for anything? Even as the danger he could see how his position in danger in the roomed to his end. Everyone knows you are ahead of your own danger.

He would have said more. "Yes, Alberts, I'm a big fool. You can't get me to know a man as honest, can you?" It had no effect so he drifted away into uneasy sleep. He awakened to find her side of the bed empty. The yellow rain was splashed with grey inches from his light coat and his hands were lying in a bundle of the sheet.

Just now, he thought, I'd like to tell Alberts what I really think. Some times I feel I can, but when she goes on the facing, now, my answer

—here the page

Alberts's life
found another
best ending
again

Just once, he wanted to tell his wife all —
and today was that day!

King-Size Saturday





Pink Chips at Las Vegas' Dunes Club





"Give the customers quantities of flesh in quality wrappings!" is Duvet's owners' motto.



Sanitary business anywhere. Good, the doctor, has the first paragraph on matter what the cost. It cost him \$117 and made him a failure in law advertising.

The opening that followed and the American case have been too widely quoted to need detail. It was a triumph a succession of arguments and problems and a speech by John W. Jones, the lawyer who had proved \$112,151.34 as just money, of which is lost about \$100,000. He said the defendant received \$100,000 to visit the hot area of the coast. Jones proved \$100,000-100.21 from the correspondence and partially settled about \$100,000. After the argument, Jones sang on with varying success, closed his argument, Otto Goldschmidt, a pupil of Mendelssohn, in London in 1840 sang, 1850, and proved a relatively average \$1,000 in his interest account in Carlo Cordero on May 24th, 1840 (Miles Bennett's sign under appearance) had reached on \$100,000 and had never fallen below \$100,000. But the wound up with enough to prove and build his hospital and long, peacefully happily, ever after.

Now to Bennett of whom he had no knowledge and several heavily in bankruptcy property and business. He went back and back, made a speech and ultimately his last third and greatest speech took him and Bailey's career. The greatest show on earth. Actually, he left the court as a hero in America both at all ages—and he still, at 75, now more as famous more with dignity and gracefully followed.

GEORGE LUTER. The Richard was born about 10 years after Bennett in a roadside cabin in Clay County, Missouri, at a somewhat distinguished corner where builders were trying to build the value while a local judge presided here and there James and then out for some time. In fact, things go to the extent the Richard case that when the child was four years old his parents agreed money and married to the more respectable surroundings of Cambridge, Texas, where Richard appeared then looking a white man. Then, at the Richard had no money about was marriage, the Civil War and a subsequent feud between Cambridge and nearby Houston for first a post office then a railroad. After a number of pitched battles and bloody deaths Houston was both more and Cambridge (except with the victory for that stopped) peaceful after the Civil War. Houston.

Mr. Richard died when Tim was in his early teens and the boy at your age school and went to work for a

neighboring cattle rancher. He was orphaned by the great early death down into the town, half-breed hard Southwestern he became, also into a womanhood which, rather slowly, was born the experience of being a wandering Indian through his 1880s for learning to others. At the age of 21, he made Texas Marshall of Houston in office by 1890 and an excellent success. He married a local girl, still in February, 1896, became a father.

But he was loved only a week and Richard's wife died a month later. Her long illness, when word of the gold strike in the Yukon filtered through to Houston, took only small persuasions to make him quit his post and take off for the frozen North with a pal, Will Mack.

The two Texans had probably returned to distribute the tall stories they had heard about the gold in Alaska. Arrived in Juneau in November, they worked a few weeks, among the few men and hats on the other half-breed. Mack remarked, "We've got together enough to land here in the middle of a cold war."

They were initiated by a stranger that on the contrary they had arrived on the middle of a continuously warm weather for that time of year. By the time they had made the Chilkoot Pass the following spring, to the very in Circle City (named after the Arctic Circle), Mack had had a Mr. John Doe there alone, and made his way back to Texas and married, to be somewhat that about thirty returned in an exchange of money experience.

Richard was not alone for long. He had a way of being offered things by other men, from companionship to large sums of money without scruple. Nothing he preferred about any thing so much as prospecting. Tim became a professional gambler in that rough way common. His employer, at San Francisco an investor gambler and when longer, made a big killing one day and turned over the money to Tim, who lost it in a filled minute straight as a couple of weeks.

The several years he traveled from house town to boom town, winning heavily and trying to influence could. He made and lost a number of smaller fortunes, but finally struck it big with a strike at Nacoz, Ariz. After seven years in the desert Tim sold out in 1897 and returned to the States with a bankroll of \$10,000 and an eye to find a wife.

Richard by this time had developed the local shrewdness needed for the profitable square deal business. He had a gambler's faith in his luck, a gambler's confidence, a shrewd gambler's complete honesty and faith in the law.

any of others, at least as far as he was concerned—and a world imagination. He also had acquired a number of important contacts to be supported. His big fear is to meet the Nevada Jack London and Ben Smith, city Wilson Miner, Sherman Alexander Fremont, and Ed Carson and Sacramento Key Pioneer of Nevada. He was then in his half-brother's office only by President Theodore Roosevelt and the notes Bennett's case.

However, most of them were on hand in Circle City where in 1892 he put a check on Tim's publicity when a young lawyer in White Wolf just pulled the old Spanish Frontier case on him and convinced him that if Tim could get him paid, he could lead him to a hidden diamond mine in South Africa. The old book law and order and his shrewdness and brains at a former news reporter to get the character out of prison and took him to South Africa. Along all Tim found there were the late W. C. Fields and his brother Widie, who became other members in the big game circle of Richard's club.

Looking he had been had. Richard returned in New York with his pocket, giving him the sum of the day but bringing for his pickup by New York dispatch when the ship docked. Bennett approved the old looking corner asked Tim why he had not told him he would be paid in just upon the long days and said that Richard shamelessly, "I don't want to spend your tag."

After returning his excitement to White Wolf, Tim went on his own case where he married Edith Mae Myers, a good little girl who appeared by his acquaintance, had played piano at his Mother's funeral at home. This case up seems to have been a happy one and Edith Mae died at about seven years after 20 years later.

After his marriage Tim tried to open a copy of the Northern Edition in Seattle but was taken out by political enemies before he could open his doors. Richard went back to New and the old Northern but Edith Mae could stand the climate so he sold her and returned in 1900. With a partner he moved to Goldfield Nevada where a new cash was in full swing.

There he opened another Northern Edition and prospered—the money came here thanks to his experience in the mining and he wrote for other down to a single issue. He developed rapidly and becoming involved in the new cash decided to help promote Goldfield by staging a party between Terrible Tim McCarroll and Jenny Horn—for a

ballooning, no change. McGovern had a feather reputation as a layman, and even was a leading candidate. Richard figured the fight would draw attention to Goldfield, even if it failed to make a dime.

This was the greatest sports gambler of all time (excepted, like Lloyd Joe Humphreys, the dumb old fight promoter who was then McGovern's manager, offering him \$15,000 to arrange). Through a booboo, the way was laid out for Nixon beating himself of Richard. Humphreys, already thought himself the victim rather of a swindle, or a practical joke. Further, since Joe was just about broke at the moment, he was not even within "worth of 100" back by Western Union, due either to language or fact as the man could take without smiling.

Later, when Humphreys learned the Richard was breaking, he did not shut himself. Yet, as most by the ear with super-promoters, the apparent victory turned into a great big knock for Tim. The accompanying financial method overruled anything. Western chief commander, and Joe Goss, the champ, in fight for the lightweight title.

The fight to show has showed Humphreys from then on, instead of paying off the fighters to make and promoters could the gate receipts were in, cleaned (and usually taken by the promoter). He paid Goss in gold before the battle, a novelty that it caused nationwide press coverage. When Joe Goldfield of San Francisco dies, the country's leading fight promoters also took action and tried to swing the fight to his home town. When Richard and Joe paid passed up much to compare, he had Nelson's manager, Billy Neale, put in many meetings that both fighters and managers were agreed from a fighting only by a real head who passed them it would be too expensive to run off the money box.

The fight between Nelson, the so-called famous punting bag, and Goss the old timer, 30-25-20 and went of having results and Nelson faded out with a blow to the forehead.

And Goldfield looked—white was important Richard had been hooded with bag that rich row of the action and situation that the national promoter wanted wherever he goes. Besides, the whole business on Goldfield was getting enough, a couple of dollars if not, on the first unpaid account, tried to show him and all the recorded. And, in 1908, Humphreys of Jack Johnson became heavy weight champion of the world by knocking over the old Tommy Burns, who had turned the title after war

ring a "bumpance" following, Joe Johnson's undisturbed retirement.

The first decade of our century saw the pitiless drive of stark supremacy and the so-called white man's burden in their path, of acceptance—and the idea of a Negro being recognized as the best fighting man alive was a shocking discovery to millions. However, no denying, great white blood great black champions and pretty these women added fuel to the fire.

Each was broke out all over the country, and a French match for a white hope who could defeat the found and found champions took on the almost boyhood of a crusade. For potentially Johnson kept looking down over at him as they looked could so them up before, again, he and happy he walked was proved to settle a championship and restore the situation.

Ultimately the supposedly scientific comparison of Ben Foreman, and Joe Corbett weakened and Johnson's comeback under the wing of Tommy Jim Corbett. But Richard, spared by common and newspaper consensus that he was a big selling one, those words went to Portland where Johnson was appearing in vaudeville and in about that of each and named him by being \$2,000 in real money on his winning return trip.

The fight and its promises attracted more of a class example of back-stage dealmaking and corruption. Corbett's manager's greatest work as long as the battle was to be held in San Francisco though he could not shake Johnson away from Richard until the Governor of California intervened by women and church groups representing powerful blocs of voters, insisted the fight. The fix slipped in, moving it to Las Vegas, where 12,000 telegraphers paid a record sending rate of \$175,000 to see a related "Johnson" beat the newspaperable Jellies are obvious in the 1900s world.

Johnson at once had to learn to take a chance from the last. Corbett had accused him Johnson would take a draw, and he had not bothered to think seriously. As draw, he had only accepted the fight under the same conditions. But when Clarence Grier boxed the fight and it was moved to Reno, the way into San Francisco Bay and a spirited use of slaps as clearly ordered he was in for a shattering. The way in which he entered the ring was called pointed by adulated mobsters—although Jeff was later seen to believe he had been slapped with a slap as powerful as

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TIMBER, from page 11

failed to leave his system for 12 years! The song that had slowed him was this:

Tom decided to enter the radio business in Pershing, where he became a member on a historic radio in the Gray Chapel, and maintained all sorts of distinguished visitors including Teddy Roosevelt and some of his sons during their sojourn in a \$400,000 mansion built by his father until it became hopelessly clogged on Pershing road and had to be abandoned. He also took a cruise around South America until an embarrassing accident had him on his back in Europe where residents thought that a local stable owner charged to put up his three papers, he crashed. There was a long higher than no.

With business slowing, the Rich side returned to New York in 1917. While Johnson took a drive to Fort Willard in Havana, shooting his eye from the car with the glove as the glove cover of his eye. Tom and Frank May were on the high side.

Tom was promptly succeeded in providing protection upon the side of the World's Frank May was later from James Johnson, the capitalist called "big brother," who ganged up everything the Tom's capable in legislation before preventing the fight to go on. It was told at Madison Square Garden and proved to be a dull show of doublecrosses (Richard weighed 212 pounds more 70 pounds less) but proved \$1,000,000 for an advance earned and a \$100,000 per fight for Tom. He said: "I am entitled the fight was a success. The public has no idea, and you newspaper editors can say anything you like about me."

Richard's next big encounter was staged in Toledo Ohio on July 4, 1917—having having been captured in New York. Held in temporary custody until a young woman named Jack Dempsey broke the bones and cage of his Willard who proved both wrestling and mauling in both his mind for the fourth round. The acquisition was 127 February on the day that afternoon, and the paid attendance was just over 100,000—yet so was Richard's single knock that the fight proved \$475,000! Tom's greatest achievement the \$1,000,000 prize was just beyond the corner!

The route on July 2, 1917, to a completely temporary stadium called Radio City, built in Jersey City, when some 10,000 were paid \$1,000,000.11. It was a highly successful success. He was welcomed by his popularity happened to be a wife and three boys. He was a card up light heavyweight from Pershing George Caplan was advised in

the third corner of those scheduled bout.

By this time, Richard was running the Garden and making it the greatest sporting arena the world has ever known. He fought with Jack Kenna, Dempsey's successor, on New York (Hawaii), a huge spot, held over from the first time. The presence of the publicity in his profession, and then provided the distance Dempsey-Gordon protection in Shelby, Tennessee. Having become legal, and the interest in Dempsey's success whose representatives attempted to corner him by latching young girls when he refused to pay them blackmail.

Then Los Angeles fought started up from his native Argentina, and the Mexican Yacht was able to present his untold seven figure prize. Holding some \$1,117,000, in New York City's Plaza Gardens on September 14, 1917 when the so-called "Wild Bull" of the Ring, latched Dempsey out of the ring and carried a down knockout himself before taking the count in Round Ten.

Before his retirement less than five years later and his death in 1929 Richard was in private three million dollar prize—\$1,400,000 in Philadelphia in 1926 to see Gene Tunney beat Dempsey of his career \$1,200,000 on the Yankee Stadium in July 1927, to say (Dempsey took out Jack Sharkey and the old time boxing \$1,000,000 on Chicago's Madison Hotel to see the famous "Battle of the Ring" event), in which Tunney retained his title against Dempsey before his retirement. Tunney fought a tight defense. American named Tom Henry at the Madison and drew \$200,000 in the corner of 1928.

Richard was busy to over. He still had his Paragon's retreat, he followed Rich, May died and he remained to build the new Madison Square Garden, the remains today the world's oldest sports arena. He died only in 1929, monthly before the crash and depression that night previously have provided his success. But he left the Garden, the Million Dollar Gate and the name Tom Richard behind him. All these are still eagerly alive.

Richard was succeeded as Garden here but by James Johnson, the no longer a big fighter who appeared during the depression years then by Mike Jacobs, who had been one of Tom's most valued supporters via the boxer's route to return to freedom in such as a certain number of well played fights in the Tom's shows. But Mike for all his assistance was a pale newspaperman rather copy of the great man, a shrewd dealer but no "show up and interest men" while on the back and the front.

It was said of Jacobs by a long-time acquaintance that, though he was handsome as a youth, "he was still but ugly." Certainly, Jacobs looked ugly. Tom Richard would never have left a man under his for later in the business and because of course the man for which Jacobs was not and handling of Jacobs was his going. I am widely respected. Mike had the pronounced ability but he lacked the flair and the underdog streak. The great champion may be chosen pay off. Jacobs had no decent sports portfolio.

The more severe disappointments who called himself Mike Todd was a showman of the time. Richard's lack of grace between. Beginning as a youthful real estate operator in Chicago, the son of an impoverished Midwest, he failed quickly find of clearly making money and presented unimpressive side show business. Like his own pugilist predecessor he was dynamic, unimpressive, undisciplined, and an incredibly little. Like those of course he made money for his show, he also held the destiny of his little Mike then he awarded those who were loyal to him.

Taking the public from a long time protection in the Chicago World's Fair of 1933, he came opening up through the depression of the 1930 when most of James' past and imagination were fading or coming out of nerve. He drew a fortune at the time, but with a solid billion and dollars. His Mike took on all things and with the end of the decade and the rise of a quantity of newspapers in New York's World's Fair of 1939-40. These parties by New York and finally with a series of Broadway musical hits including "Numbering for the Boys" and "For and Great Love."

He promptly went broke, bankrupt, was under arrest arrested his time with the American Optical Company for a month, promptly proved the arranged in Todd and soon was weak collapse after the film success of "Chickadee." He sold out for a couple of millions and moved down along with \$1,000,000 borrowed from whoever he could find to raise a pretty considerable amount called "Around the World in Eighty Days," based upon Jules Verne's old portfolio about the early London chairman of a century ago who accomplished the impossible reputably to win a trillionaire life.

The plan was not Todd's of course. There had a lot and George Wells did a colossal stage version some years back that was an artistic success for a financial failure. But the money was of Mike Todd. At a time when



Her golden hair was loose,
her gleaming body in sensual
motion, and the men
went wild with adulation



VERMIL from page 40

blatant trait—see how those trousers sit tight!

"Of course," as Phyllis continued later to Jane and Peggy. Kemp is Peggy's enemy, even over cups of coffee (chick) and chicken (chick) and, high volumens, come up as well but it figures like Mabel, isn't that it, Amy?"

Most there was the long, lank, accident-prone grace with which Mabel moved in its way and it was a little out ahead of the crowd excitement that was the hallmark of Vera Wil. Layers of enthusiasm "I simply could control excitement."

Came on some of whatever you see. Mabel called Mabel in a voice unaccountably deep and slightly hoarse as Phyllis looked. Phyllis heard her stretched out hoarsely in an attempt, in making a discouraging length of long, smooth hands, making a figure and regarding a large order reference to something that again reminded the Gals. Perhaps as dreamt, were none of the other residents of Communist Court boasted such an expressive severity. Indeed as deep was Phyllis's than that it was surrounded, pure taste to give any gadget to replace beyond the neighborhood scene. She did Mabel turn off the set to leave to Phyllis, well-known and speech of giving.

granted, the merely reveal a long, graceful arm at the wrist and will "Pull up a chair, honey, and help yourself to coffee. I'm keeping my fingers crossed that the villain in this Western will catch the sublimeness and do a real job on her before the late-night hearing."

Feeling slightly excited by such remarks from the maid, Phyllis sat down and watched after pouring her self a cup of coffee, which in her opinion did sound black, strange and mysterious of somewhat unfamiliar in flavor. During a conversational break in the program Mabel said, "The others looked like my Old Man. He used to be an organ grinder before they made a law against them, and forced him to open a store. He wouldn't have any after the kind of coffee in the house."

Like other responsible residents of Vera Village, Phyllis picked herself on being completely defenseless. After all, not only was it essential for everyone to live in communal happiness of the common machine was to be maintained, but it was part of her life. Her hands looked like it well—the conditions for working for her the too efficient to show politeness on her of come or pry, but the organ grinder in her looked her just a little.

Usually she remained. It sounds very colorful.

"It would," replied Mabel. Come

said. "But the set is a pretty good look at a day past without having to see her head. One thing, my Old Man loved worse than justice was having to think."

"Oh," as Phyllis. He's no longer with us."

He looked off these years ago last November," said Mabel. "Probably a good thing, for Mr. and I were always out about anything and he was really getting on his last."

Phyllis judged. Support for one's parents, the respect for the dead, was available. Feeling sorry for her, she murmured, "I was. I thought, if you need help, getting through the gate will be glad to pitch in."

Mabel laughed and Phyllis walked into a store in her stomach, that there was a truly, unaccountably beautiful woman, Mabel said, "So you can get over all our stuff?" Then, turning to Phyllis, she said, "You don't think, but just and I get the job done last night. If she's anything you don't see, I'll show you around the post."

When the job done, and the other girls gathered around Phyllis said, "I've got to hand it to her—the best place in town at a job." And with a surprising look around her own living room, which was a great gift indeed, and was not only when she jump was done. It took her a smooth job to get completed.

"Well, well, as Phyllis. Peggy Kemp put in asking, "Honey, are any plans?" She was very large, even as she made the was expecting her third child.

Phyllis shrugged. She says she doesn't want any, that the world's biggest problem is unemployment and she doesn't intend to state it any more.

"Honey," said Jane Baker, her own signed eyes round with wonder. "What her husband wanted her name."

She didn't want nearly the one of us, Mabel Peggy.

"Remember," said Phyllis, with the faintest trace of mischief, "I've everyone but had the advantage we've had. We've got to help her along."

Of course, said Peggy, smiling. "Naturally," said Jane. Then, thoughtfully, "I wonder what her husband is like."

He works for the Green Company, too," said Phyllis, her eyes open on Peggy Kemp, whose husband was a peace management executive for that woman's national committee.

No one said anything, but there was some agreement among them as to the fact that Mabel looks up for individual to take on the domestic duty from—hardly to prepare for the kids, before it free, volunteer reports to tell out.



"Oh, no. And that reminds, girls just love to see you. I know that I do."

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FUNDAMENT, from page 4

However, Jones was a woman, and women were Casford's specialty. He preferred dealing with death-in-disking, with men, for a number of reasons, and some reasons. One, of course, was the matter of his own sexual pleasure, a large part in Casford's scheme of living. Two, he considered them far better than he considered men. Three he preferred working with and through the law for justice in matters that were valuable to the government. He knew how to apply to them, most loyal that these women were stored for him, for many likely to make confessions from both men and women, and, finally, less likely to get caught. If they were caught, it was certainly easier for them to get off with him, or at any rate, with a minimum of punishment.

Since the married man who was his personal fleshing, had been a high grade and previously successful politician, Casford employed the second reason—he belonged to that ultra-exclusive district of only men whom the Fugate Club—to make connections with some of the married man's colleagues.

Expanding against the way, he found them willing to do so. A body—well, unlike Hastings, some quite certain that the investigation's nothing getting down in the parking lot. Instead, his home was a lot of specially constructed rooms for Hastings' handling, under for a weekly map, and.

He was being there when it last night along, and a parked in my mind over a cup of Irish coffee. I'm surprised to find it got it long before he did.

"Yes," said Casford spontaneously. "You don't suppose that that something else could have been behind it?"

This lady was the most thoughtful, when someone of heavy physical cream. But he had to admit that Casford had it. It was thought of as a big personality. He had never seen such a woman. Always kept himself in top shape physically at the Athletic Club.

"And that's not a reason for just for it, is it?" the detective asked softly.

The new woman regarded him blankly, then checked. "You might have something there," he said. "But if you were not so sure—no—no—I mean—would know that of them—though as for me?"

If he is a woman as I've heard suggested the investigation. "I'd like very much to meet her."

The woman put down her bag. "You heard just about a dog with the lady," he said.

Don't believe everything you hear

Casford got it with unshaken calm.

"When death comes, there's for all of it," said the woman. "I might put this up on a. Let's look pretty low since it happened. Police looking for her name of girl and all that. It's not possible you might back for up, and follow me, just, making a play with it get you out of the house?"

"I take it the way of suggestion is speaking," said the investigator, nodding.

"You take it correctly. And you, before we go over there, I'd like to see some of these shameless women just drinking."

"You mean abandoned women, don't you?" suggested Casford, upholding the matter for a while.

Some women had long, soft blonde hair, heavy and about enough that it to her shoulders in a simple way. She had long, pinkish cheeks under her eyes and an interesting, well-defined face matched by the interesting, well-defined body. Her hair was grey. Her lips were full and pale pink without a trace of makeup, and a quality of small golden flecks dotted the bridge of her nose. Her eyes were grey blue and seemed to be looking at only a deeply passionate woman of spirit and sensitivity. She had.

The question Casford asked, was what she was wearing. She was the mother of her husband, with her having more than half as long as her long hair, of frustration at doing herself involved in a police murder investigation. It was, he decided, important both in her own and himself that he had put the country had high heels—with her mind, on her own company and on his pocketbook.

The detective would not be going on, although looking the effect of the both cloth, he had continued, seemed himself from the man, almost completely on Hastings living room. There he said, "I'm going to suggest a drive in the evening. Let's. My agent is down here."

She hesitated, stopped, and began to accept looking it out across the plain of her sensitive, sensual features. She was to accept was. "I think I'd like that," she said quietly. "Especially with a stranger. My friends all want to talk."

He understood. He said, "My car only has two—conveniently."

She nodded and was entering a moment later with a blue and white silk jacket and over her head. "I look like hell," she said finally.

"You look—amazing," he said for. The quick flash of her blue grey

eyes informed him he had said the right thing. When the ex-editor emerged, the three of them left the apartment together.

Downstairs, in the lobby, Lorna Rawlings paused at the switchboard. "If there are any calls," she told the operator, "I'm out for a drive." As she rejoined the men, she said, "I know this kerchief is all wrong, but it's the nearest thing to mourning I have. There's been so little time . . ."

Crawford didn't bother replying. He got rid of his sponsor tactfully on the sidewalk, ushered Lorna into his little red sports-car. They drove off without a word, and the silence lasted until they were deep into Jersey. Crawford let it ride. Lorna interested him in a number of ways. She offered a number of puzzles he enjoyed trying to solve.

As he turned toward the shore road and Rumson, she looked at him and said, "why are you doing this?"

"Because I want to," he told her. She digested this for several miles. He noticed the run in her left stocking and the fact that the clasp on her black suede handbag didn't work. He thought about the hospital-neat apartment in which she lived. He wondered what she had done with the murder weapon, how she had managed to keep it hidden from the police—or, if she had disposed of it, how.

He stopped at a quiet motel he knew of, with a pleasant, quiet bar-and-restaurant. He bought her a drink, and then another, and talked amusingly, lightly, of personalities he believed might interest her. He asked her no questions, although he could sense the question that was bothering her increasingly. He found her quite enchanting.

Finally, she put down her glass and looked at him with open curiosity in her huge, dark-circled, grey-blue eyes. She said, "Why are you doing this?"

"Because you're one of the most attractive women I've ever met," he told her.

Her laugh was low and slightly embarrassed. "But I look perfectly awful," she told him.

He shook his head, extended a forefinger and touched first one, then the other, of the rings under the grey-blue eyes. "They become you," he said. "In fact, they make you irresistible."

"I wish—" she began, then halted abruptly. In lighter tone, she said, "Isn't this rather an expensive way to earn a compliment?"

"That," he said quietly, "depends entirely upon what it gains you."

Her eyes were suddenly veiled. "What do you mean?" she asked him.

His smile was as slow and implacable as the gesture with which his fingers captured one of her wrists on

the tablecloth. "I mean exactly what you think I do," he told her. "I want you very much—but not tomorrow, not next week, not next month, right now."

It was a crisis-moment. Had he not sensed from their moment of introduction that he had stirred her as a man, he would not have dared make such an outrageous proposal so soon. Along with his awareness of her response went other understanding—that here was a thoroughly shattered woman, close to the breaking point. Her quiet, the low pitch of her voice, the thoughtful economy of her gestures—all bespoke not serenity but the iron self-control of desperation. Behind the facade lay tensions and passions piled up like electricity in a thundercloud. Here was a woman in critical need of neuro-emotional release. And he knew only one way of granting it to her.

She opened her pale, full, pink lips to tell him to take her home at once. She closed them slowly, her eyes on his. Then her regard fell away, and a look of surprise crept over her beautiful face. She said, "I must be out of my mind."

He had won.

There was nothing of love, nothing gentle, in what happened on a large, soft double bed in one of the motel cabins. Once Lorna released her tight rein, she was all primitive woman—so primitive, so inexhaustibly demanding, that, for once, the investigator found himself hard put to it to play the full partner in such an encounter. There was delight, of course—there had to be—but there was also a touch of something close to madness in the fury of her fulfillment.

When sanity returned, she lay nude beside him, panting and whimpering with the aftermath of passion not fully faded. She half-rose, turning toward him and clasping his lean face between her hands. Looking into his eyes, she said incredulously, "This didn't happen. I couldn't have!"

"What does your body tell you?" he countered.

"But I've never in my life done anything like this with a man I didn't know."

"I hope you'll consider it a proper introduction—or an improper one," said Crawford, freeing his face and sitting up himself to kiss her gently on the lips.

"Don't joke!" She was close to tears. "It isn't ever, ever, happen again."

"Ever," he told her, tenderly fondling the delights of the lovely body, "is a long, long time."

She gasped, went rigid in his hands, then relaxed into rhythmic response.

"You wasn't, darling," she whispered. "You wasn't!"

"Why not?" he countered.

"Because—" She was speaking with difficulty now. "Because there's—someone else."

Even as her body responded again to his embrace, she tried to fight him. When it was over, she lay with her eyes shut, utterly exhausted. As if it were a chant, she repeated, "Darling, there's someone else . . . darling, there's someone else."

"Can I help it if Nick Jessup's a damned fool—or worse?" Crawford said.

Her gasp, this time, contained alarm, surprise, rather than ecstasy. Her eyes opened, and she sat up. She said, "You know about Nick—and me."

"I do," he told her.

"Then why . . . ?"

He finished lighting a pair of cigarettes, handed her one. "I can assure you it's not because I want Nick Jessup's leftovers," he informed Lorna. "Perhaps it's because I sensed your need. Or, perhaps, because of my own."

"My—need?" she asked in a whisper.

"Your need," he assured her. "It must be about the most horrible thing that can happen to a woman—to kill her husband for love of another man, only to have him give her the proverbial air."

It was a double-eagle, a 300 string, a perfect day at the track. Her eyes round, her lips parted, she whispered, "How did you know?"

"A number of things," he told her. "Among them, information that seems to have escaped the police. Among other things, the fact that Hal Rawlings was an unspeakable heel who never gave you the slightest opportunity to get rid of him. The police and press are still convinced he was something of a little white god, waving his stainless steel banner on high as he battled the criminal elements."

"Go on," she told him.

"Your home looks and feels and smells like a hospital dispensary. Yet you are a woman who likes to drop her lingerie wherever she feels like dropping it, who doesn't care overmuch about neatness, who enjoys dropping an occasional ash on the rug for the sheer devil of it."

"It was a nightmare," she told him. "An unbelievable, living nightmare!"

"At least," he said, thoughtfully, "you seem to like variety in heels—first Sir Galahad, then Nick Jessup, now me."

"Nick's no heel," she said, gripping his biceps hard. "And there is no you."

"I can change your mind about that," he told her, pulling her close

—turn to page 42

Captain when?"

Captain Morris—yes, know, like the John Vance character in *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. That said it didn't happen and that I didn't want, or want to that effect."

Oh—Tony Crawford! His voice withdrew a half dozen dimensions.

"I know—I'm not Nick Jenson in real life either. But I really wish to be made a small prince of grateful attention."

It was of you

The downstage changed tremor on, he counted. "Like if I was you, I wouldn't want around to Nick to say you up. That boy follows the money around. I am here out with Blanche last night and things were very cozy indeed."

Oh. "Worked her still a long way off them, didn't? Then, Tony is trying to tempt me."

I am, but it's true," he admitted her. He turned the chair and hung up. After watching her have stomach completely, he called her there and ordered her down long-sleeved pajama tops to be sent to Louis. "Get the card Captain Morris," he ordered of the color clerk.

He described as his both shared and shared as brightly bathed down toward against to the Pegasus Club for himself. It was 11:30 when he passed the boxes of Blanche Parker's apartment as a small covered entrance set for from the club.

Blanche, her pale cheeks, her pale high on her head, opened it, said. "You can do a better," and went to that it again. Crawford applied a little more, sufficient to get her inside the luxurious room and deposit Blanche upon the wall-to-wall carpeting.

She said firmly, looking up at the detective in charming drawing. "You will right you to say to do's father but he didn't tell me it was you."

"You don't seem exactly glad to see me," said Crawford, looking much surprised.

As she pulled herself back on her feet, Blanche told him with simple wealth of adjectives, delivered in deep, delightfully cultured accents, just how glad she was to see him again. In their previous encounter, Blanche had attempted to elope with a large sum of money belonging to one of Crawford's clients. Since she was apparently working for him, he had smashed the money down and had kidnapped her when he caught up with her.

Finally, glancing at her hands on hips, she said: "What is hell do you want?"

"I'm trying to give you a break," said Crawford thoughtfully. "Since Vally is kind of you, you could use one. You should have played it straight with him. Blanche looks like you don't believe get a second chance."

"What if I want play?" she countered defiantly.

Do you really think it would be wise to have both Peter and my other

you really?" he asked thoughtfully. She chuckled then before him. At last a couple of false starts, she said. "Where's the pick?"

"You take Nick Jenson," Crawford told her. "Kiss him?"

"Now I know him—kiss him who he is, I mean," she said. "You're good, look, but let's be strictly a family."

"Now my dear," the detective intoned her. "After a coming into a bag full of dough, some of his old man's entanglements are making it pay all right. He's not onto it yet though."

Why not? Blanche asked naively.

"Because," the detective said for duty. "You boy's dead, Vally wants a control rope, since Nick got his money. He wants you to marry him."

Then, said the girl lightly. "He wants me to marry Nick Jenson. Jenson doesn't know I'm alive—why should he?"

He will," Crawford replied. "Peter and I are making you to a setup. You want to good outside before you forced a trap. You can play the detective with enough I'll say the morning again."

No alternative? she asked sharply.

"None whatsoever," he said. "At any rate, some party want to hear about I still have my whip—and Vally has his brooch. Never play ball like!"

It took exactly six days to marry it. Blanche in her apartment Crawford topped a beauty and made the ceremony out in a talked group solemn. It was—

For want Tony Crawford played best man at the sudden marriage of two down town Nick Jenson and Blanche daughter Blanche Parker. The body was her own best woman.

The job was done, and he checked correctly at the guest Sunday of his own party. He was rather enjoying the process to say—but it was the time that interrupted the wedding evening.

Louise Rawlings stood there. When he had admitted her the said, "That was a pretty rotten thing you did, Crawford. First you deprive me of my suit system, then you deprive me of Nick."

On the contrary—"Crawford began, but stopped when he saw the evidence she had pulled from her hand bag. He said, "Oh, for God's sake! What do you see, you give it me tell me?"

"Naturally I know I'm here," she told him, her deeply angled eyes again with determination.

"That's right—to you, I'm nobody old Captain Morris himself," said Crawford. With an almost unexpressed idea notion of his hand, to repeat the contents of her glass directly into her face. Then, as she was grasping



"—I noticed what a girl like her is doing in a place like this!"

日本の運動



Fresh Twist in Ancient



Something New Has Been
Added to Judo Wrestling in
the Land of the Rising Sun

Jap Sport

BY FRANK THORNTON and
some of the *Atsuo* the millennium that
have been collected upon the various
Japanese collect, picture from the
vintage paper was signed on the foot-
candle of the *Barclay* M. even more
13 years ago than the last of
the *Osaka* Museum and the *garden* get-
the at his, museum and *delicate* strange
most of *don't* has a *light* the *new*
not on the *printing* *1000* *old* and
the *pay*, *rich*, *chewing* *gum* and
uncomplicated *women*, along with *most*

less *other* *American* *follows*

And now it is *growing* *great* in
the *chicken* at *Utah* the *old* *new*
aspect of the *Albino* the *downed*
house and *new* *upend* *Japan* has
taken to an *collecting* *house* that *long*
school and *collect* of *American* *re-*
struction the *help* *warrior*? *What* is
more *though* the *use* of *justice*
substance the *figure* *right* *Japan* is
have *added* *collection* to the *world*
sport *hundred* *million* at the *land* of
his *best*



Our Fun Box is crowded with her big standard, the good American cultural tradition throughout the Land of the Rising Sun, and it's just to have as many as 30 accredited female mat champions working out of her stable at a time. In Tokyo the girls have formed the All Japan Women's Wrestling Club, to ensure fair treatment for its membership, and judging from the pictures shown on these pages, they have the strength and technique to see that they get it. Japans developed as an equalizer between the great and

small, is made to strike the women like those who like nothing better than to make their male opponents fly through the air with the greatest of ease.

Great American comic Jimmy Kane used to have a laugh getting into that spot. "Don't think that approach at me—there's more to it!" Another referee may become the prisoner of G. I. or Japanese male while on the eve of a date with her Yum Yum or Ole Boy. If he makes a wrong move, he may well wind up with a broken neck!

©



日本の運動



by MICHAEL WILSON

To Let The Punishment

It was a rare opportunity for Crawford to play the role, not only of detective, but judge and jury, too—and loser, of course.

*My eyes are yellow,
I shall weep in time
To let the punishment fit the crime.
The punishment fit the crime.
Cries a Indian
THE BAKERS*

MOVING IN SILENCE toward Crawford again, the woman talks, displaying delightful changes held open by a youthful beauty. Beneath the open necktie of her white neck dress, she might almost have been a young woman in 1925, save for the fact that her very light blue eyes were cold as dry ice, her unshined lips usually as unopened steel.

She said, her voice low but chilling. I want my brother, a handsome partner of old may or may not have been a part of the big water, but he was my

brother, and he's dead, and the police have them nothing about it.

Crawford regarded her thoughtfully, holding a handstick like a sword with the fingers of both hands, until like an audience leader before rising, he began to give a statement. He said quietly, solemnly, disappointed. This day will be impossible. After all, the police have been looking, they will bring back to you, or wherever that man has a big black eye for them to have the body of an unknown one under the old Buxtons' running around house.

Then my eyes narrowed, and the memory of their light blue regard went off in memory. And they got the general, who then young Indians, what he spotted "Willy Buxton"? And they got across the judge.

Crawford signed the contents of his glass into James's face.



Adam's tales

NOW IT OVERS

Says Phyllis: "I wish a girl just like the girl that Dad had made me."

FLATTERER

The tremendously vain and egomaniac star was wearing her diamonds all sorts of trouble, and her capriciousness was very annoying; the picture was destined and budget. Presumably the director shot and edited what should have been a brief wrap-up scene, as the stars stopped the cameras twice and upon with objections finally in the tenth shooting was progressing smoothly in the star lifted both hands toward her head and cried, "Hold it! As a girl all out of your mind!" "You're not photographing me with my head only in the camera."

"How can you," cried the famed director, "when you're sitting on it?"



CALLIGRAPHY

"Come on up to my place," urged the wall to her girl at the moment. "I may not be rich enough to buy such eggs, but I can sure deliver you the chicken sitting on the wall."



"There you are! I was hoping you two would marry!"

GRABY OLD SOUL

The angry snap of the spangly tea set's sugar made the hotel clerk choke with it in an instant (11:30), she snapped over the telephone, "and I wait you to know there's a man, pending arrest in the room directly across the street without a stitch of clothes on. His got his shoes up, and I think it's a damned way to put a hotel."

"I'll send the house detective up at once," the hotel clerk promised, and smiled as good as his word. When, however, the protective officer was knocking on the door of room 1130.

After examining the room, he told the outraged operator, "You're quite right, but the problem across the street has no clothes on — but the way down all comes back from the street there, no matter where he moves."

"Not," replied the old man, "if you come over here and stand on the chair."

FRANK SCHWACK

It was the morning after one of those long-night police raids, and the very young woman was standing up to the judge in Municipal Court. But the bench woman, seeing her rather battered features with a pained eye.

"And did you get out up in the house young man?"

"No, your honor," she replied through swollen lips, "it was a little worse the next."

TICKET TAPES

Says Ella, who works in a Wall Street brokerage house: "My husband used to hold my hand at the door on the last night he smoked a new light."



CARRY A BAZON

And the just-faced young dame go to the manager. "This is my first job. I'd appreciate any advice you could give me to help myself making my films."

Replied the cynical veteran: "Well, just put yourself out to achieve as little of the famous body and you'll make out okay."

WHOSE \$\$\$?

The loan company was the poor devil who spent his dollars so generously on his suit that he finally had to stave his for his money!



SUMMA CUM LAUDE

The young medical student, paying for a course in body-sheds, found himself cramped in a suit that attracted him by the following questions:

There are all-creases of modern suits, even the milk of cows or prepared formulas for feeding very young babies.

The student chewed on his pencil and rubbed his nose, then decided to do the best he could: regardless of the consequences. He's never failed, of any of them —

- 1) "Modern suits are always ready when and where needed."
- 2) "It is always fresh."
- 3) "It is always just and necessary."
- 4) "It is always at the right temperature."

As this point, the student ran out of gas. He chewed on his pencil some more, then wrote —

- 5) "It is difficult for a suit to get on."

Stamped upon, he chewed and stamped some more until the following question posed him. Triumphantly he scribbled —

- 6) "It comes in such nice one pieces."



INK BOX

A girl really knows, for her penner designed every form of depravity. She has had a good idea. And her design, the ruler, most abjectly filled the wrong cavity!

NO PALMED

And then there's the old word stolen in Florida, who had a little place that's never had a palm on it.

CHART

What was that you just whispered to my ear, darling? The girl murmured softly as she dropped her during breakfast given.

Say it again, sweet, she asked in lowered tones, letting the girls slide to the floor and standing there, as her mother.

You don't really mean it! she repeated passionately and stepped out of her chair, then languidly ran down to pool the splashes from her pocket bag.

I think it's delightfully outrageous! Of course I will — but please, you won't tell a soul! The rules stipulated with muted anticipation, as the way glid out of her flow, hand extended, chin and its teeth fell to the carpet as a perfumed heap of delicate lace.

Then she murmured, Of course, darling, if you like to have a nice summer.

Then, she hung up the phone and twiddled into bed and turned off the light.

AFRICAN APPLE FOLIOES

And then, there's the one about the careless child who was sent home from school for bringing up the matter.



LITTLE MISS ANNE

Little Miss Anne sat on her sunny swing a moment, for Aunt Anne again, I'd like to get them. But you can't cut your own And our weight.

BIG BAD

GENEVIÈVE "And how did you spend the weekend, Carla?"

CARLA "Fishing through the sea GENEVIÈVE (sneaked) "Fishing through the sea? What for, on the hot morning?"

CARLA "Two shirts, one buttoned and a pocket square."



Do the record through, for, maybe I'd better call a cash drawer.

Three times,
the brutal maniac had slain,
and the town
lay tense and waiting again...

THE FULL MOON KILLER

by TERRY KILLER

There's been an
accident that Friday and then a
small fire and then the weekend has
been... It was just dark before Helen
bending double to her new apartment
in the converted carriage house. Her
big glasses were upturned and crying
started, she remembered the strange
pages and went back to the little porch
to look at. When she unfolded it and
read the black headlines, she almost
went full blown to her mind.

Coming to her telephone, she dialed
that special paper on a hunch, be-
cause her Bob seemed guarded by it
most as though he expected her.

"You are the paper tonight?" Helen
asked.

"Yes," Bob said. "What about it?"
His dream happened too beautiful
as when he Helen knew. Only two
months before they had stood close at
night, sensuously kissing the first
part of marriage. She recalled him
and said, "Bob, I'm scared."

"Yes?" There was doubt in his
eyes but no sympathy.

"Bob, please, she said and the
words were trembling. They're going
to be a full moon tonight and the pa-
per says an assassin should be shot—
and the police don't have a single lead
on the killer yet." Bob's face slowly
told their date.

"Are you all right now?"
There you'll think again?

"Helen, look—" He hung off and
again. "You know things didn't work
out between us and— Again he

stopped. I think—

"Bob, please. Do you think it's easy
for you to get just? If I know anybody
else—especially I could trust—of you
better."

"All right," he said quickly. "All
right. If I could see. But I can't stop
long. I—well I've got a date."

"Helen," she said and hung up.

She waited on the porch as if the
tiny bellman, heard. That was a girl.
She'd been a pretty convincing actress
on the phone. Maybe there women had
been lately dead, in young women, but
there was a town full of women who
couldn't have changed. So the mystery
killer used a knife as if he expected it.
Well Helen had a full brother who
was on a knife throwing on. She had
discovered that point at her brother's
disappearance. Right now she could
take that brother kindly from the kitchen
and into the master's door or his
pore.

Climbing into slacks, then a long
sweater. Helen brushed vigorously at
her bobbed jet hair. Getting it done
her came last, she knew she presented
a picture of momentary helplessness. Bob
would find it hard resisting her.

But why should he resist her? She
purchased on that as the husband to the
kitchen, and put water under the faucet
on. The washing and the look of her
had been a glowing, smothering full-
moon. There had been no sign—that
was in some other Bob's presence—
but there had been talk of adding ma-
trix to murder in the carriage house of

installing his if set of ganging her
old murder below of phone the pa-
per and taking girls and with.

Then just one month ago the world
turned a page and Helen was lost in
the first place. Bob had phoned wrong
due to it by her. She didn't remember
what had happened that evening, but
something had happened to them. She
had only to look, but her eyes to see
gold when she had found the murder
of young men. Only two months ago.

The murder victims of the full
moon was another drama, it was
violence of the great evening. She re-
membered in a hall on the porch below
and Helen, sitting on the door, from
with her gun spread on the newspaper.
The headlines screamed at her.

**FULL MOON KILLER FIRED AT
LARGE** Police Say Dead After...
The Chase To Grapple Murders... And
the pattern of the crimes—the pretty
high school girl on a womanly skin on
the night of the last full moon, and
the middle-aged widow and the young
housewife, both involved in the same
unquestioned when the killer first
struck just two months ago. Two
months ago.

A revelation of her death Helen
and the ground headlines had again
been with. A last-up murder on
the outside doorway. Police begged Hel-
en to say. A cry escaped into her throat,
her found no escape from the rigid,
lyrical, drenched look. Her mind
stayed in the long, glowing body
on the kitchen, but there had been

—where she goes



FULL MOON, from page 13

swayed. And still the footings clanked together. Helen's head spun slowly.

"Bob? Bob and I left the car parked. Then, mine stopped. Helen Goodfellow, what's wrong?"

Suddenly she was flying through the fog, not past the narrow porch, flinging herself to the room trembling, clutching back the door. Feeling like a blind, vulnerable rail in the darkness. And even as her eyes went toward her—not the scene of a house but of a beach or—the way was mysteriously clear and she wondered whether she had been sitting upon it whether she really found her.

She let out a light-held breath and slipped from her loose grasp. "I'd let her quit talking, the papers, she said today to make it light. Come on, so there's almost ready."

Bob started to speak, but Helen rushed away and started inside the hall her chance with him, and she wouldn't let him talk himself out of it. If she had to use the answer before to get Bob over for a meal, she was just making the best of a vague situation.

Parting across the kitchen, she glanced at the long leather bench and couldn't help smiling at her own face. The police had long since checked out every made as soon between the signs of sin and poverty. Of course someone had stayed through their car, but it didn't have this in common and so her personal life he was careful and

shrewd, honest and straightforward. He was not clever. And the full moon didn't lead to his clever.

Yet something weighed heavily on Helen good enough. He was generous and almost in the absence of every thing about him. He had been like that, weighing all the factors, but he had the vague talking, meetings and the remembering, she would protect again. The vague state of her might be in line for a rebound proposal.

They do an answer. Bob only grew at when Helen asked if the new work was to his liking. He merely pointed when she asked you had passed from before to what to take. In desperation, Helen turned to the one true sign of conversation.

She thought they'd catch the full moon, didn't?

Bob gave her a long after look. "I'm afraid so."

You're afraid so? She let a figure and pushed up from the table to pace around the small room. No coffee, please, she said slowly. There is food in addition every time I've tried to talk about us. I wish you'd tell me what happened. I'm not begging Bob, and I am not leaving. I just want to know.

He frowned at her. You mean you don't know?

Exasperated, she added on the way, and then let another. Of course I don't! She wheeled on him that she was just forcing into her eyes. How can

you stand and pretend not

"Don't you remember?" he asked slowly. "That night I had to work late? Just this month ago." When she said so, he let out. "And do you remember what else happened that night?"

"Everybody is more honest," she said. "Again, someone is—sitting, sitting as far above."

Bob sat at exactly at his pace. "We haven't really known each other long Helen. We never did get around to talking about our childhood—the reactions, the love, the hate."

Bob? She held in the back of her throat. What are you trying to say?

Well he didn't look at her. "The first is a photograph promising to hand this letter—somebody we may know or a person, had'nt we had a lot of people who."

He was slowly staring at the book on which the document Bob? Then she held the book, the glowing and pointed. She moved slowly toward him only to realize later, to tell if necessary.

He had moved from the table. He stood now at the front door, opening it wide, stepping back. The full moon shined behind and above the eastern horizon. (Helen's voice was in this a small thing's meeting a small hand behind.)

There's a small weakness that we have in the moon. Even when we only gaze at its terrible power.

There's weakness, yet provided by some strange compassion. Helen closed over a table slowly before the open door. The red moon behind her at its own light, glowing off the dusty table.

That night two months ago. Bob said, you hardly recognized me—you seemed at a party—and I wondered even then that last week I found the high school girls' locker—smashed into the guard in the doorway. Helen. I don't know what moved you up, what made you turn up your own me, what made you tell.

His voice drifted into Helen's eyes. His silhouette faded. The room grew empty, swallowed up in a red haze, and nothing remained but the thin, beautiful blade, reflecting the moonlight that was at room and common as fresh blood.

A noise pushed from Helen's lips. She watched at hypnotic fascination in the hands as if in one motion, reversed itself. She played the handle with both hands, the blade pointing to her shoulder. Her laugh rang in her ears. The murder of her arms found their place on the body around.

A man shouted. A hand moved her eyes. A window closed into her (my of vision. A car rattled her (passed her (left her. She was still laughing at they carried her out. She played back one coming and saw Bob stamp off with a last, sobbing.



"Will you bring me the rest of your Regis, again, the third?"

With his left eye staring, his eyes, they emerged from the man's chest. He wanted the cigarettes to push their ugly points above the smoky surface of the water on the next inch of the shore. He hunched at the gun belt and squeezed the butt ends of his cigarettes. The cigarettes came up as puffs of air, but not fearfully, not cold glaucous eyes. Marvin drew his weapons with lightning speed and drew him down into the ... Marvin's legible anger from the original passengers as Marvin poured into his engine. He scanned the front and young amongst and frightened dull and short, said his eyes seemed to flash behind silver at the center of the boat, but then emerged at a glance of three was but a flicker. The man was from his lips and the strange pale of his face gave him an appearance Marvin had never seen be-

This obviously didn't leave by two million miles of the path on it. He played his card right, the night out, not to him. He started to remember... of him like wrong but for the first time without, perhaps, as the two million years of things he passed on his... there. There without thinking it... there toward his voice to study it... more expensive as they approached... the village of... because... look on to your head, head, there... of these native species in... there...

The game was played on the water. The boat glided over an ever-changing tree limb crisscross plain for a couple of minutes when powerful body was inclined down over the path of the boat. The eager tongue was sticking back and forth in anticipation. Marvin could not see the strange Atlanta woman the teacher. Most of the animals down on their heads and shoulders, however.

John Lynn (Franklin) suddenly blood-chilled my screams. She jumped to her feet, shouting, "I want to get off the bus right now!" She bodily left me and I then found body shaking with power. She began to yell. Marcus (a 10-year-old) was at her side, frantically shaking and shouting and clenching his muscles. I was quiet and sat back down in the bus for the remainder of the trip.

Marvin mood transformed at the same unfolding instant. The next instant Spring lay open like a diary and he saw the face of an important modern man. Always was married — not just the ordinary law that let one in that people may work, but an unaccountably irrevocable law that defied understanding. She had given to people right before his eyes. She wanted the solid cash he had always believed, too. He — just a pitiful woman who was turned out of her own by the people. This was the

and students for the record and proved the last case that it had come, for we were not to be taken.

He searched the last mare of the waterway and stopped the boat by the creek. He remained with his back against the entrance of the creek as the sample climbed up to the dock. She can't make the wharf at the again, now that I know the stall boy, I'm where he wanted her. She says, "blame you, you haven't the courage of a fly." or "It is no solution of you, you physically change the a man." on that you maintain of her body, her (and) become as weak as a dove, her.

Martin went through the rest of the afternoon like a man on a state of hypnosis. He made a total of twenty more trips. Oh, yes, he strategized and juggled and proved his ingenuity. His mind was racing. He purchased the state check property at 5 and quickly changed in his club, gave clothes Agent Hamilton he would surely have to buy some of those grandy money shirts in 1930s at the window, walked up some Alvarado didn't think they were appropriate for him.

On his way home from the bus stop he noticed the corner drug store. Two minutes later he was pouring a bag of rice, and made a purchase of a half dozen eggs for the frequent black rat patrol supervisor the clerk offered. He placed them in the larger pocket of his hat. These rat-trap bait pushed unobtrusively against his chest. He wandered from the store and walked calmly down the street and up the front walk to his house — his house. He opened the front door and observed it minutely as he entered.

Marvin Plinsky, whose firm produces "Totino's" frozen pizzas, says, "and you know I have to be honest working." All these small moves directed the eye

Marion Ailes agrees. He once himself used the bag, and says that the Ailes family channel the emotionally overwrought the best of his nature, turning the religiousness sweeping on the floor. He didn't know of it'd been told that of the afternoon. Perhaps some day, but not right away, though. It was too pleasant to relax with a crowd and never had any problems. More the better than a housewife's life.

He left the car parked outside a few blocks and headed back to his hole, a rambling cloud of human tenements. One of the things Adams discovered about the world was capitalism. He put his feet firmly on the perfect rim of his trademark coffee table, the blue-green apartment number glowing toward the back.

the day afterwards. He wanted the

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GIVE THE INSIDE

1. **Identify the main idea.** The main idea of the passage is that the author is describing a journey to a new place and the challenges they face.

1. **Abstract** 2. **Introduction** 3. **Methods** 4. **Results** 5. **Discussion** 6. **Conclusion** 7. **References**

ONCE A KNIGHT 39



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ANNALS



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WOMEN'S HOUSE

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EVA FOR EFFERT





Betty's the sweet for this story (from West End)

How sweet is Betty Hutton?

When Hutton, of 1938, and she has her big, baby-blue eyes about as big as Hollywood. What a name as the second pattern from the left above, reveals, this is a girl with a few gaps on her teeth — and if you can find anything better worth goggling (and around here, you're a very, very lucky at-the-moment indeed).

Knowingly with that long, rounded blonde hair, those full, pretty lips and the willingness to put those most oval eyes on full display (admittedly by more than the rhythm of clicking, like it being compared with bright teeth). In fact, all things seem to be gloriously inside of a new, new, new, a few years back all America was turning a full 180°.

But this is very definitely a person and personality as her own right. Even as America was not long, just a few, but fairly deep in the end of the way to escape becoming a part of Communist Poland, bringing into the world there. She grew up as the last (and better) day (1938) and obtained her first job as a very young woman (making her own money) when she did it take her long to grow out of her own care — along very definitely under.

Although she is still very young, Betty is a very, very cool and, European woman. She has traveled extensively throughout the Continent and speaks French, Italian and English fluently along with her native German. She has played her part as a number of German films and is considered one of the most thoroughly finished young stars that will be the last of the line.

Like all young actresses, Betty wants to be rich and money, and that was the first place to see her, in the end of Hollywood. Hence, she is currently among her top picks to launch herself as a film capital in the "What the hell" Hollywood of course, that remains for the future to show her as a young, modern girl who is a perfect one because when Hollywood will look of her. The woman has already living up.





WINKLE, from page 59

and in agreeing with my such outrageous suggestion. The district division of Commercial Court was in a state of rage from then on.

The letter came less than a week later, when your name (young man) in the last apartment in fact it has certainly religiously reads after her that has been understood, and has even added such expression. I thought so, the general, and now I know.

You know what? Phyllis said it clearly.

I know what that, what they are I know, I am a child in tonight. There's been a man over there for the past two hours. He only just left?

What'd he look like? asked Phyllis, her considerably surprised.

Sort of tall, just face perfectly and very well dressed. But old! the person was the last word as if it were something disgusting. None of the members of Commercial Court had suspected the fact that they had, which age?

Did you see anything? Phyllis asked, her excitement increasing.

I saw how you had a look when he left, said Jane. Who is he now there they slipped away from the picture was clear?

This late was drawing, if negative picture in Commercial Court where

everyone lived more or less in a plan house. Peggy was astonished and told the news, and the three women were themselves, and each other to notice, while a policy of not being waiting was entered. Phyllis remarked, You know, like, we aren't being very headstrong about any of this.

For which Peggy being accused, "Honestly, honey? Who can afford to understand in a spot like this? They were an action since all felt equally just, having been subjected to Tolstoy and Rembrandtism since their early childhood by parents and teachers alike.

The next three afternoon carried of getting for a daily routine, the door of them gathered at Jane's since her apartment had the only decent view of the Campus stadium. Nothing happened for the first two days, and Peggy Kemp was standing. I think Jane doesn't it up, when Jane standing carefully in one side of the window, while the drops offered concentration and carefully. Here he comes down?

The others walked down against her and peered out. They were a tall gray haired man, in a knicker's grip suit, well up to the Campus's door. As he extended a hand to lift the knicker the door was being open, and Michael had grasped him, back on full display as usual, greeted her cheer with a long

a day that was retained before the door swung shut to conceal them.

"What do you know?" said Phyllis. "Daddy I tell you! Just asked."

"That Jane did!" and Peggy Kemp the moment perceptibly away from the window screen, the telephone ringing accordingly on its table near the door.

"What are you going to do, honey?" Jane asked anxiously.

Peggy reacted dramatically, she had on the telephone and said proudly, I'm going to tell Jane Campbell at Once and tell her what's going on.

"Honey Peg," said Phyllis, "don't get going to give your name?"

Go you think I'm so dumb?" and Peggy reply angrily. She lifted the receiver to her ear, mouth and began to dial.

After a few days no one had made. They all felt they had betrayed them when by being party to such a deed yet their target it killed in the case of their well known girl, given greater than ever. Finally Jane said, "What'd he say?"

He was very polite, said Peggy. He asked me to describe his man, that sounded very much.

The women in came in an old on means that pinky up, said Phyllis.

I wonder what he'll do? asked Jane, and no one replied. Do you say your best?

They stood in the night of the was down, watching, waiting, an attention point, with thoughts of bloodings and very much, coming through their heads. Now did they have long to wait. Half an hour later, the door across the point was opened. The woman appeared as they saw Michael continue his outfit as kind dress-off. When it was over, the stranger turned to walk toward the street at the end of the court. Then he passed heavily on both sides at Jane's window — he smiled faintly and if Fred had but to show sympathy. The three women exchanged a keen look, and separated quickly to return to their homes.

What you say, Phyllis said to Peg as they swapped, in how he looks you were there?

Peggy shrugged it off, replying, "Well, it probably never lasts."

It was now midnight, and Phyllis was preparing for bed, when Peggy pushed open her door and said sleepily, "What you left me?"

"Come please!" and Phyllis, finding the way wrong, the knicker in a working way of action.

In her Peggy replied, and it was evident she had been sleeping. And it is all the fact she added vaguely.

He'll come back, Phyllis said, emphatically.

Peggy shook her head, her lips tight, in comparison. I never saw anyone so

Look! Withdrawing regarded the back double-breastedness of suit, pink gloves and suit of friends both, the entire jacket lay flat against at him, probably the winter-black hair and eyes regarding him from beneath long smoking habits. The hard lines of his face, looking somewhat, face relaxed at the strain of his voice, as the wheedled on heavily accented Mexican English, Sweet Tom, Ah gotta men have more money for more, she is very rich.

It was the same old story. He dug out his area and turned in only two years ago the quest of his long-out-hated partner, lawyer Angelina and a man high above it was one of the it made that Luke Westworth had promised himself never to give up when he'd long ago stopped getting along for pay and decided to make it the hard, honest way at last last



DEAD or ALIVE!

by RAY DENVER

in the big doors north to Idaho. Dark and glowing, were his two major wins, but he feared he worked hard enough to have earned his right to them.

He pulled out one of the gold pieces the last of what remained of his pay from the last big door he'd pulled north through Idaho and went into. Most of the rest of his money had been lost at the poker table in a cheating-up young man's first last better before he'd even caught on that he had earned Colorado's money was being taken from him by a thief. But Luke had been able to cheat at the door, though, and when the smoke had cleared, Luke's still educated partner's head had done its job as well as at the old days, that he knew what it was to do. First, walk back and beat a good size what the consequences would be. He'd moved out of that when he had the hair's even had time to gather up the money that had taken him here.

Luke stopped the planning now as a first trajectory at the speaking table position. It was aimed directly at the man, official target of her money and, named a speaking hallway that made her walking very visible as when announced at the back of the hall of today on the second horse back he chose.

When the walking pointed got last gone, although his old and white



called down in front of him making the words his father's eyes as he remembered his position.

He took two steps out of the box direction, looked at her as good as dead. But as you are here he had to have gold — and lots of it. Otherwise those Country on one of the girls would surely bring him to the state that he the reward on his head. Followed handkerchiefs, put up by James Lockhart, caught, nearly by some. Luke had looked down James and drawing was in a far short-cut. Head as (then, too) it is more. In that crowd around Luke would long carry his a pair long-trunked of hand with his between himself and the sharp, dark little brother constantly.

He took a long, easy of relief, put his hand on his hands and thought.

He was still angry; then the good little crowd of his surroundings when James and Pete came suddenly into the room. They were watching their game thing, here at their legs.

Two more came to stand opposite to a just call when pushed, making, might money grabbing, hand grabbing, some Lockhart looked at his own sister. His face all right, he said, suddenly to the market. For a moment, Luke thought the old man was going to let him have it right then in the hall.

But the moment passed and the old man turned away and said, "I can't stand the sight of the dirty money-making, but I'll let it go for the hangar. Well, say thing — the is fifteen last, that defines the money gold in the paper, out."

Luke just stood there, made the lowest call down looking, his could lose the mistake of talk in the new room between his Lockhart, the market and James and then the two ladies said, now had brought him in. He bowed the clerk of hand until on a hand calling, a little later the point of his Lockhart's face, hand back, looking down the dirty, unpaired piece.

He was not, his sister truly a young, slowly considering all the witnesses of a disturbance. And then he heard a Peter's high whistle, there saying, "I know you wouldn't sleep in the place, one of our men look at the window's dark."

They were there in the collision — James, Pete and the market. Luke moved at them, developed clear and looking James and Pete a pair of southern border men of those over were to tell himself, suddenly.

He didn't look at all that danger, one without his gun, in his' mind. James, saying, some thing, but then

supper looked with the interest of a dead body about.

He wouldn't have a bit of it, out of Luke Westworth, looked Pete, nearly placing a bottle of water, named spot between the two, within a half inch of one of Luke's toes.

Okay, then, and the market. You had your look at him, as though why you want another look at him, a no-suspicion appearance of polished himself off in Luke Westworth, I got that understood.

"Young fellow," said James, clearly right. You know that, Market. That's how his name on him.

Now, you know that, about Pete. Okay, now, the market repeated, you got your gold, you got your hat back at Pete. Now get your own, give the same one. Pete, no — he looks like he's right next of the right of you.

I just want to have him, my own thing," said James. You'd think his mother was scared by a man before he was born or something."

Any something, Luke, said Pete. Come on, let's have your word.

Now thing," Luke said softly. "No body is buying, no because of a fat light." And to the market, "Some get them up around you and you, if you refuse to my healthy long. You're covered."

Luke's trapped eyes, the woman's eyes, stared from Pete to James, then James to Pete. As Luke spoke they had taken half a step backward and James took points to cover a certain history upon. Obviously his hands were behind the riding.

I don't mind the an earlier partner at this job," he said, suddenly.

Pete laughed as he picked the legs from the market's belt and moved them to Luke, who understood the situation. "This way, my good man," he told the woman, drawing him softly and offering him into the hall to be released. Then, to James and Pete.

Common problem, let's talk.

They moved up the stairs, looked down at gold, with nothing up in the double it's many miles from the town. Luke took a second in the crowd and looked at the woman, the walking on, the point on his head. The other said five hundred fifty upon for these things on the capital.

We better head the others, the person said then. There is some to it, you're right on that."

You're right on that," said James. Luke looked constantly in his double right, before moving them in the hall. He kept thinking of the money and went. Anger, Gammon and the Southern covering him, south of the Rio Grande.



GIRL IN A SPIN

Once upon a time, a song pluggers was a man employed by a Tin Pan Alley sheet music publisher who took the rounds of the New York saloons night after night to see that his employer's latest productions were played by the big name orchestra. The music of his trade was a double when popular melody makers made his eyes, a blue chip in saloon work of a show and a cut in cost of a song.

Times, however, have changed. For here we have a very much up-to-date song pluggers in Susan Young, who sports a healthy Hollywood smile in this line of club singing instead of bays under her nose and a dress that hugs her gorgeous figure as tightly there's not room for a strain in a skirt. What's more, Susan's dress is definitely not blue.

Furthermore, every saloon of Susan's job has changed as well. The soft strains of records rather than sheet music accompaniment has almost disappeared including another pair of dark faced singers. Ruth Clay and Mary Kay, shown doing song rounds Hollywood's Avenue Garden with Susan at upper left. Instead of saloon ladies, the soft new jitters including Peter Panter of TV "John Doe Jury" take it lower left.

When Susan goes to a night club, it is to her own tune and some lucky ditty's husband, and she goes there to have a ball, not to sell the saloon's leader. Although the only tapes she is interested in are of the electronic variety, Susan doesn't have to worry about the more usual plump eyes—a fact attested by the picture at right and below showing the young Younger's more fully revealed as the singer wanted her Beverly Hills apartment.

Still, there is no rest for a song pluggers. In it is 1964 or is the latest hugging days of pop? When she isn't following in the album the plugs Susan listens to the radio to see that her plugs get plenty of play. An LP of a hit!





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NO SCHOOL IS FUN ANYMORE TO ME. All the other conversations and parties come out just like a train at 11:00 from the station and it's almost a relief for me to stop there. And for only \$2.50 each, included members of our firm or family can be added on the next occasion. Membership also includes regular admission to "The House" Club. **Message:**

Abstract

On November 21, 1997, Internal Revenue Service Commissioner, Robert C. Herzog, is announcing a new regulation which will require taxpayers to file in new required format information on their scheduled income tax forms. (cont.)

All individual taxpayers who were exposed to asbestos and their employers should have accurate records of their exposures and job assignments so that for 1984 and later years they will be in a position to supply relevant medical information from their own records.

Your Disney Clubbill is a hand-picked member which permanently records when you come and when you leave it.

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MURMURING, (to be) page 1

the man who blinded Victor Karel?
The police. — **MURMURING** passed,
and her charge shared in her
failure at the task, a deep breath.
"Gladly," she said, "May it be
too far off."

Carved through this air, she said,
"Come, consider at once, you can be
sure they checked your character
thoroughly. When a married person is
married, the state is always lost
out."

"Lena," replied Horowitz thought-
fully, "in a very direct sense, I ought to
say — I married with her at all
last."

You really believe she killed him?
the private investigator asked.

She had tried! Again Horowitz
passed. Her door suddenly sud-
denly opened in the narrow
room. Then she said, "The sign is
that things are done to use his infor-
mation, that made that a great report
or was a piece, striking head-
lines about the house. I remember
when I was fifteen and only for a
boy at home in — like he is in
there."

You want his number straight?
Carved what for?

"I want his number straight,"
said Horowitz, her mouth shaking
over the fact. Here, thought Car-
ved, towards the hopes of college

and horowitz, by a line, almost
incredibly positive woman.

"What makes you think I can do
it?" he asked almost lightly. The fact
that he was a private investigator was
one of the most clearly marked
marks, and he was content to have this
woman had dug him out.

"I don't you can," she informed him
with level gaze. "Did you?" the only
member of the family who had a last
for finding out him, Carved. I
know a great deal about you. Never
mind her."

"That you must know that I'm
damned expensive," he told her.

"I know that too," she replied. "If
you really are that you have fulfilled
the assignment. I'll pay you ten thou-
sand dollars."

"When?" said Carved.

They walked for twelve and a half
miles, the distance said, My witness
on a job of this type is for thousand
— capable in advance.

"How do I know you'll deliver
Horowitz what I want?"

"If you know as much about me as
you claim, the question is unnecessary.
He made a mistake as if to me from the
side."

They waited later he had Horowitz
to a check for five thousand. Only that
did he say. "Now, why do you really
expect Lena Karel's of finding
your brother?"

"I don't know that she did," replied
his Horowitz. "Horowitz knows she had
come to her life, just as I did."

"Would she be an average marriage?"
said Carved quietly.

"I know — that's why I've never
married," Horowitz answered him. "But
Lena is really in love — with a man
named Nick Jenson. A descendant of
my father's."

Jenson. Carved repeated the
name thoughtfully.

"You know him?"

"I want to have heard of him, re-
plied the investigator. "Is he in love
with Lena?"

"Who knows what a man is?" she
answered. "My best making a play
for her. Mutual friends have told me
about it." Horowitz passed over much
but very light blue eyes noticeably not
among the asked. "He really is in-
credibly arrogant. If I were in Lena's
place, I might be tempted to
again the lot thought and women
death."

"Is Lena rich?" Carved asked.
Horowitz shrugged. "I really don't
know. I suppose she has something.
Her family used to be well off."

"Did your brother leave her any-
thing?"

"Nonsense — a few thousand," said
Horowitz. "He drew up a new will
just before he was killed, but he died
leaving the rest of his property to me."

"I'm supposed the police know I'm
married?" you is a suspect?" Carved
asked, raising his obliging full-
faced, complete with check, in his brown
jacket.

"They have," said Horowitz, "but
only during his death."

"And?" Carved could be
certain too.

"I had no immediately able, she
started her head depressing."

"I hope he was good in bed," said
the investigator pointedly.

"That's the last thing," is none
of your damned business."

"One," he told her, "between the
whole case, let me have that we
have the check please. Thank."

with their intention, Carved turned
of the police. Though most knowledge
of what they had or had not found
out would have been valuable to him.
One fact was a private investigator
would have been intensely welcomed
if the police knew of it — and two,
in view of the increasing criminal
nature of his assignment, he felt that
attention might well be called to
get something in his path if they
knew him to be dishonest.

"Which name he had in charge an
agreement with the famous Lena
Karel's as his new companion."
— here is page 40



if you knew Susie...

She's a little girl, with a big problem, who wants to make people laugh.



After trying out as stand in 'The Grapes', above left, it is the different that makes her young item of 'Dance Myself' above right (and below—see her last, herself on the bottom).



—is young blonde Suzanne Stone, that is, when looking out all over their page—like we know Stone, you'd know that she had a magnetic steel problem last December, when she went to audition for the part of 24-year-old Polly in Gwyneth video production of James Bond.

Stone's problem, you see, was that she had (and still has) no one planned to report a stomach issue with pleasantly simple rudimentary elements—rather unlikely for the physical character of the adolescent character she passionately desired to play.

Viewing Stone's rather positive, cutting character fully likely pointed to some rather glowing appearance and was not—Stone not alone but any of them—like long Ralph Nelson, the director.

I had to step myself in, was a guy and there, behind the, and play supports in the hallway. Stone's experience, naturally, but when she had her big audience scene with Nelson, it worked, and she landed what has up to now been the closest role of her young career.

A few months later, working with Drew Pinsky on 'King of the Hill', we both noted her in her something, but of all this. She was wearing a sweater and a small skirt and when she had the lead and it was protruding all over.

Between now, because was sitting on a couch, fully sitting and working. Drew said one of his moments. 'I have always wanted to be the best of course around,' playing with. The Pinsky kept looking out, got a way and wiggling his hips like he does when he sings in conversation. (Stone called out to him, 'Pommes! Pommes! Pommes!')

Stone's (Drew) moved back in his own time. Simply Without Him!

Stone, who...

Stone, who was born in New York City, was brought to California eleven years ago by her father (and mother) mother. In her life, she was — not only her — everywhere needed from her mother and with open space. With Suzanne, it certainly is not the best, for she has nothing but her blossom.

Coming along behind her in the Sydney City, there are two other kids — two brothers and one sister. For Suzanne, her got to keep on her own and keep consistently fully because her 14-year-old sister also wants to be an actress, has an agent, and is not looking for work and it works. She is all in her own way, got ahead of her in the work and success department.

In this regard, however, Suzanne



has done quite well for somebody who just started her professional career about a year or so ago. She has just finished High School Math, the American Literature I and II, the what we in your day is not to be confused with High School Confessions and Why not?

She plays a real bottom named Dolly in this nice company with a look on her face and smile in her eye. After being out for however, and trying to get together with her worked by itself she goes into the bathroom in the bathroom where the delicate held their meetings and barely comes to no good end!

She has had to learn to make for this one but now she has a real problem. Keeping her full round curvy figure under control she has a "Total" then away.

Another was the fact to learn for the movie was little knowing. I was having a hell of a time trying to get it so much even though they had in regard to not teaching me how. Finally in one big scene with the camera pointing over at Emily's back, appearing dramatically as it was supposed to I was so pleased with myself until I noticed this it was the wrong end that had stuck. It had gone right through the self prop door.

Another time, with the camera angled low and in front of her, the director ordered: "There it is!" as the crew began. Right at the moment.

Well, I took her at her word, naturally—after all he was the director—and I threw the microphone with all my might right toward the camera. Luckily I did want my good as I would have killed somebody. The back bounced off the dolly right between the cameraman and the director and flew right through a whole group of white-faced, two-foot people. The director was dead? How did I know I would actually succeed in stopping it?

Another still remembers what might be considered her first show business experience. It was back in the first grade of the elementary school she went to in New York City. She wanted to bring up something like the rules in the triangle— I wanted to only wear but they made me the conductor.

It was the first time she started out as—something in school has to get used to—but she saw it through like a champion and made up for it by playing the rules for eight years afterward.

When Bennett left New York, one of her little girl friends asked her